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Great January Sale at Moorcroft's

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SHARKEY WINS.

Puts McCoy Out in the
Tenth Round.

Sailor Fighter Proves Too Much For His
Lighter Opponent.

McCoy the Better Ring General But Beaten Down
by Superior Brute Force.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10.—Tom Sharkey, the American sailor, now stands the only heavy weight possibility for championship honors as against Bob Fitzsimmons.

At the Lenox Athletic club tonight he whipped Kid McCoy good and hard in the tenth round of what was to have been a twenty-round battle for heavy-weight honors. Eight thousand people were in attendance.

Sharkey's ring work and generalship was a vast improvement over his exhibitions when he first came to the east, but as a fighter the improvement is almost incredible. He has now met all the big fellows and with the exception of his first fight with Jeffries, none of them has gained a decision over him.

In all his fights up to tonight McCoy showed he was possessed of great ability in fist work, and despite the fact that he was beaten tonight he is still the peer of any pugilist so far as ring generalship is concerned. His marvelous foot work and his long left jabs are two features that appealed to lovers of the fist art. When he sent Sharkey twice to the floor in the third round, no one doubted his ability to hit hard and many thought he had Sharkey at his mercy. This idea was soon dispelled when the Irishman began to get to his man, and take everything into consideration Sharkey's work stamps him as the toughest proposition that any aspiring heavy-weight pugilist will have to encounter.

The following gives the result by rounds:

Round One—McCoy led left for the wind, but missed. Tom swung left on the kidneys and upper cut with his right on the chest. McCoy made left and right swings and caught Tom on the stomach. McCoy again sent left for the stomach and right up to face. Sharkey hooked a right to the ribs.

Round Two—McCoy let his left go, landing lightly on face, and then Tom stepped back. McCoy sent right to face. Two efforts of McCoy to reach his man were futile, but he caught Tom on the ropes and caught left swing on the nose. McCoy kept up a light step ping and evaded Tom's attempts for a left hook on the wind. McCoy put a light left on Tom's face and Sharkey sent a hard left hook to ribs.

Round Three—McCoy sent left to ear and ducked away from left swing. Each sent left to head, but with little effect. McCoy's foot work puzzled Sharkey, who could not land until McCoy stopped after getting left on the breast. Tom sent left to neck and McCoy jabbed a hard left on the nose. The Kid sent his right to the face, and repeated the blow within two seconds so hard that Tom fell to the floor. He jumped up like a rubber ball, rebounding, and again he fell to the floor. The bell found them sparring.

Round Four—McCoy cut out the pace and Sharkey could not reach him through his side-stepping. McCoy sent a light left to body and head occasionally. Sharkey rushed and tried for body, but the Kid side-stepped and gave two hard swings on the face.

Round Five—McCoy rushed across the ring and the men clinched. Sharkey tried left and right swings, the Kid dodging cleverly. Tom sent his left to stomach and right on the ear. McCoy countered heavily with right on the head.

Round Six—Sharkey was on the aggressive, and McCoy was very wary, using his feet to advantage. Tom landed

left hook low on body and another on the ribs. McCoy jabbed left to face and body, and received left hook on the neck, under the ear. Tom hooked left and sent right across to head, but they were glancing blows. At this stage of the game the betting was \$500 even that Tom would knock McCoy out.

Round Seven—Tom swung left for head. McCoy blocked the blows with his elbows. Two clinches followed in which the referee had to go between the men to separate them. McCoy sent left to the wind and landed right on the head. Feinting and blocking on both sides then was the order and McCoy landed left hook on Tom's right eye, raising a mouse over the cheek bone. Both men were fresh when the gong sounded.

Round Eight—After a rush to a clinch McCoy sent left swing to head, Tom upper-cutting with left to head. Sparring continued and Tom shouted "I am tired." The Kid led a beautiful left for the head but Tom twisted away bringing his left to the ribs. Tom played for the body landing his left seemingly low, and McCoy dropped to the floor of ring where he wiggled for eight seconds. He came up again seemingly uninjured and finished the round sparring.

Round Nine—McCoy opened with left on the jaw and Tom replied with left and right on head. Tom forced the fighting in his own corner where he got McCoy. Tom gave McCoy a terrible left in stomach sending him to the floor. McCoy got up quickly but got another welt in the wind which forced him to the ropes. Tom landed a half-dozen blows on the breast and stomach, and McCoy tried to get away.

Round Ten—Sharkey, taking the advice of his chief second, Tom O'Rourke, played for the body, but McCoy guarded himself effectively. Tom landed on ribs with left. Then Sharkey turned his attention to the upper works, with McCoy sprinting to the right. Sharkey had decided advantage. The sailor let fly with left and right landing on body and forced McCoy to the east end of the ring. McCoy faltered and Tom caught him with left swing on the neck, McCoy fell to the floor of the ring with his head hanging over the lowest of the three ropes, looking imploringly around. The Kid lay there helpless while the referee counted ten seconds, after which he struggled to his feet and Sharkey, not knowing that the limit had expired rushed at him once more swinging his right on the neck just below the jaw, McCoy falling again. McCoy seemed to be in a helpless condition, but Referee Tim Hurst did not trouble himself counting seconds, but waved his right hand to Sharkey to retire to his corner, saying, at the same time: "I counted McCoy out on the other fall. You have won." McCoy struggled to his feet and staggered to his corner where his seconds were already awaiting him, and who placed him on his stool, while Sharkey's adherents almost smothered him with embraces and congratulations: Time of round, 1 minute, thirteen seconds.

Jimmie Canavan Retires

Jimmie Canavan, well known to the base ball and roller polo worlds, has given up those sports to accept a position as assistant superintendent of a mine owned by an uncle in southern Arizona, and he will leave Monday or Tuesday next for his new field of operations.

SE TS FOR ALL

An Order That Will Affect Railroad Rigs in the Future

It will not do hereafter for any patron of the roads out of Boston to take up any seats besides his own with Lundles, as the train men have been instructed "with firmness and diplomacy" to inform him or her that such action is against the rules of the company and will not be permitted. The management, moreover, has received the rule requiring every train leaving the station to be made up with enough cars to give every passenger a seat. These orders which were issued to take effect Jan. 1, which will be enforced as far as possible.

NAVY YARD NEWS.

The crew of the Piscataqua is taking aboard a supply of coal.

There is considerable sickness among the residents of the yard.

Foreman of Laborers Charles H. Bartlett is sick with the gripe.

Commodore Remy has issued orders to have the Machias ready for sea on the 12th inst.

For a short time all the arrangements will be made to have the ways put in shape to receive the Constitution.

A sailor and a marine from the Machias decided to settle a difference with bare knuckles on Monday, but were prevented.

The U. S. S. Potomac is to be fitted up with four guns and made ready for service at an early date, which would indicate that she will be sent to Cuba or Porto Rico for duty.

YORK

YORK, Jan. 10th.
Mr. S. Preble Young, one of our wealthiest and most highly respected citizens is ill at his home at the Corner Mrs. Grace Bean who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Bragdon Donnell, started this morning for her home in Guernville, California.

Miss Ellen Dennett, sister of Capt. John Dennett, U. S. N., is in Kittery, the guest of Mrs. Edwin Safford.

Mr. George Caswell met with a painful accident yesterday afternoon. He slipped on the ice and fell, dislocating his hip. Mr. Caswell is one of the oldest residents at the Harbor, and many expressions of sympathy are heard from friends and neighbors.

Mrs. William Titcomb is ill.
Mr. George Whiting is confined to the house by illness.

OGUNQUIT.

Mrs. James M. Perkins and son, Clifford T., who have been passing a few weeks with Mrs. Perkins' parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Thompson returned to their home in Rockland, Me., Thursday, Jan. 5th.

Misses Bertha E. and Helen B. Littlefield have gone to Lakewood, N. J., where they intend to spend the winter at Hotel Laurel-in-the Pines.

Herbert Bickford and Charles Maxwell have bought out J. B. Clark's grocery business. They will move their goods to the store formerly occupied by Miss Annie Norton.

H. T. Littlefield is at home from Somersworth, F. H., for the winter.

Many in this village are on the sick list at the present time.

R. M. Dorrill has his house partly up and boarded.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Knight went to South Berwick Saturday and returned Sunday.

MARION.

Labor Buys the Sweetest Sleep

But for insomnia or sleeplessness, and that unnatural weakness and weariness of mind, body, nerve and muscle, a reliable tonic is needed, like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives sweet, refreshing sleep and overcomes that tired feeling. It has the endorsement of millions as the best medicine money can buy. Take only Hood's.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

KITTERY, ME.

At the suggestion of Hon. W. W. Stetson of Augusta, Me., the teachers and officers of South Berwick, York, Kittery and Eliot, have arranged for a teachers convention. The meeting is to be held in the Congregational church Eliot on Friday, Jan. 20th. The program is as follows:

Opening exercises.
Paper, "Reading for Teachers," Miss M. G. Chase, Kittery, Me.

Paper, "Modern Methods and Improvements in School Work and Management," J. E. Roberts, Kittery, Me.

Paper, "Language and Literature in Primary and Grammar Grades and in Rural and High Schools," one of the York teachers.

Paper, "Outside Work," one of the York teachers.

Music.
Paper, "Professional and Scholastic Training of the Teacher," Mr. F. Stanley Stebbins, South Berwick.

Paper, "Child Study," Miss Ethel Lord, South Berwick.

Paper, "What the School Should do for the Children," Mr. George S. Palmer, Eliot, Me.

Question Box, conducted by Hon. W. W. Stetson of Augusta, Me.

Each topic will be open for discussion. The afternoon session will commence at 2:30 o'clock. In the evening Mr. Stetson will lecture on "What the Public Owe the Public School." All are most cordially invited. The teachers of Eliot will furnish refreshments to the visiting teachers and educators. Provisions are made to take those who go by rail to and from the train and staying room will be furnished for the teams of those who drive.

The grand ball given by the "Sons of Neptune" of the U. S. S. Machias, takes place at Philbrick hall in Portsmouth this evening, and those fortunate enough to receive an invitation will enjoy one of the finest social events of the year.

The temperature this morning registered all the way from eight to eighteen degrees below zero in the various parts of the town.

Quite a few bets were wagered on the Sharkey-McCoy fight in this town, which took place last evening, Sharkey winning in ten rounds.

Several of our people will attend the Machias ball in Portsmouth this evening. The hall decorations are immense.

Mrs. H. M. Tucker of Portsmouth, was the guest yesterday of her daughter, Mrs. Fred Flynn on Dame street.

A box containing a large number of pigeons, billed to a man in York, via the electric road, was accidentally knocked overboard from the steamer Mystic on the 520 trip last evening, and several of the birds perished before they could be rescued from the water. Mr. Boulter took the remainder of them in by the side of a nice warm steam pipe, and did everything to make them comfortable after their narrow escape from a watery grave.

Regular meeting of the Good Templars this evening.

The store formerly occupied by Chas Adams as a bicycle repair shop, has been thoroughly refitted, and is now a neat and attractive place. It is the young man's intention to have an ice cream parlor there in the summer. He has put in a line of confectionery, fruit, tonics and cigars for the present.

Riverside lodge, No. 72, I. O. O. F., have appointed the following committee to visit the sick, and report with Vice Grand Frank L. Parker as chairman: Kittery Point, Amos Amee; North Kittery, Risha Perkins; Spruce Creek, Samuel Caswell; Cape Neddick, Edward H. Nerton; York Village, W. S. Putnam; Seabury, Frank Moore; Eliot, Frank A. Spinney; Portsmouth bridge, David Walker; Kittery Foreside, Charles Chickering.

York Corner, Charles Jenkins.
Miss Estella Chickering is confined to her home with the gripe.

At the regular meeting of the Knights of Pythias last evening, the 2d mark was conferred upon one candidate.

A well known Kittery man and his wife were thrown from their sleigh a few

evenings since, but fortunately escaped injury.

William Muiridge is reported quite seriously ill at his home in North Kittery.

D. Web Sanborn of Boston passed yesterday in town with Mr. and Mrs. John C. Neal. Mrs. Neal was quite ill yesterday, but her many friends will be pleased to learn that she was reported more comfortable this morning.

Mrs. R. Johnson, wife of Chief Yeoman Johnson of the Machias, arrived from New York last evening to be present with her husband at the "Sons of Neptune" ball this evening.

Crowds throng at Clarkson's grove every afternoon and evening for excellent skating. The pond has been thoroughly cleared of snow, and the skating is now the finest of the season.

RYE.

Rye, Jan. 10th.

Sea Side council, No. 20, Jr., O. U. A. M., gave a banquet and dance at the town hall, on Monday evening, to which the members issued invitations to their friends to participate, resulting in a gathering that filled the hall. After a short regular meeting of the order in private, the doors were opened and the recently elected officers were installed by district deputy Dow of Newcastle, assisted by State Councillor Carlisle Clark of Portsmouth. At the conclusion short addresses were made by Messrs Dow and Clark. The banquet was shortly afterwards served and was in all respects, fully up to the Rye standard, which of course is saying enough. Dancing was then in order, and to the inspiring music of Turner's orchestra, over 50 couple joined in the grand march, the largest number seen on the floor of the town hall for many a day. It was after midnight before the last number on the program was reached. All present seemed to enter into the spirit of the occasion, with a rest seldom seen, and that it was an exceptionally enjoyable time was in continued evidence and that "Sea Side" council had done itself proud, was the universal verdict. It was a fine company and nothing occurred to mar in the slightest degree, the whole affair from beginning to end and the council is to be congratulated on the grand success of its second annual entertainment.

The East Rockingham Pomona Grange will publicly install their officers at the Rye town hall on Monday afternoon, the 16th inst., on which occasion the local grange will provide a banquet.

An entertainment is to be given by the Christian society at the town hall on the evening of the 16th inst.

Representative J. Jenness Rand is on the Normal School committee; Hoyt of Newington on mileage; Weeks of Greenland on liquor laws and Page of North Hampton on incorporations.

Colds are prevalent and the services of physicians are in demand.

Mr. Wesley A. Rand came down from Boston Saturday night and returned Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Mather are in Amesbury, Mass.

Mr. Ben Bromfield is quite ill with the gripe.

Tuesday morning was one of the coldest so far this winter, the thermometer being 2 below and at noon it was only 4 above.

NAT.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Today, and every day next week, out advertised agents, the Globe Grocery Co., will sell you a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, "The Best Salve in the World," and guarantee it to cure Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles & money refunded.

H. E. BUCKLEN & CO.,
Chicago, Ill.

SLIPPED ON THE ICE.

Mr. Benjamin Loughton, an aged resident of this city, slipped on the ice while crossing the Parade on Tuesday afternoon, and received a bad cut over the eye. With assistance he was able to proceed on his way home.

THE BATTLESHIP.

Proud swan of the waters, white eagle of war,
The blue billows ripple from under her keel,
And the hiss of the foam and the tears of the spray
Are salt in the sun on her girdle of steel.
Those stars at her peak, that in tempest arose,
Those stripes that were bought with the blood of the brave,
She will gallantly guard till her skeleton lies,
In a sea-weeded sepulchre, deep in the wave.

The black cannon crouch on the snow of her decks,
With the thunder asleep in their throats, but beware,
'Tis the voice of the nation that speaks to the world
When the hand of her gunner is lifted in air,
And the language they utter is even the same
That Lexington heard on that morning of yore
When the scarlet-clad soldiers lay dead in the dust
And the power of a tyrannous king was no more!

The Clown's Vengeance.

That evening there was a great course of people on the Place de la Liberte. The Rosati Circus was giving its last performance, and the public of Toulon was flocking in crowds to this farewell representation. At the doors, beneath the flickering gleam of the rows of gas lights, there was a ceaseless crush and movement; an endless line was slowly winding its way in, halting at every step and hammering the sounding planks with a confused clatter. All around, on the notice boards stuck in the ground, the colors of the flaming posters were displayed, and, bathed in the garish light, dazzled the eye. In the crowd of spectators and idlers everyone was reading aloud the placard which stood conspicuous in front:

Positively the Last Time
This Evening.
LAST PERFORMANCES
of
PRINCE ICARUS
(The Flying Man),
of
MILE RITA
and
AESOP
(The Grasshopper Clown).

Within the circus the seats were already overflowing, and the same names repeated from mouth to mouth blended into a general murmur deadened by the canvas roof over the ring. Some of the circus men were raking the sawdust on the track, and above the door to the stables the musicians were languidly tuning their instruments or at times addressing friends who passed beneath the gallery. "That you? Marius, how goes it?" etc. In the upper rows the audience was alive with impatience for the expected spectacle and irritated by the passing of the fashionable "first nighters"—envied frequenters behind the scenes—who pressed in a crowd to the narrow entrance leading to the greenroom.

Officers in civilian dress, and students, ship brokers and idle dandies, all wished for the last time to get near the fair Mile Rita, the celebrated equestrienne, who for a month had been the subject of conversation in every messroom and every club. They stepped along, the elbow and the elbowers, between the walls that were covered with sets of varnished harness, and begged pardon every time they jostled a groom. They stopped at the stalls of Blue Devil and Djinn, the two trick Arabians, and, under pretext of giving some sugar to the horses fluttered about the extemporized dressing room, where Rita, tranquil and smiling, was donning her attire. Then came in succession the commonplace compliments, to which the star of the circus, unheeding, scarcely deigned to give an answer, without seeming to note the ardent gaze of her admirers.

She was a handsome girl, a careless gypsy, with the sun in her eyes and her blood, accustomed to the atmosphere of admiration, and she finished her toilet without hurrying. At times, however, impatiently and with a pretty, rebellious movement, she gave her shoulders a shake and made the pearls of her necklace rattle. It was when the little clown Aesop, her husband, who, all befouled and painted, was walking before the room, his huge topknot swaying at every step, drew near, and with his sharp falsetto voice launched some taunt at the artist's courtiers. They laughed, they even applauded, but more often they lowered their eyes before the cutting, cold gaze of the dwarf, whose wan and grotesque face—in spite of the smile of his blood-red and too large lips—seemed at some moments to be fraught with evil.

This evening the mankin was in a worse humor than usual; his jeers were more biting and more bitter, and beneath the coat of flour covering his beamed features he appeared not pale but livid. His eyes had a sharp and menacing flash in them, and never left Rita, who, gayly posed before her mirror, was hating her bodice laced by the handsome gymnast Icarus.

In the circus the orchestra was finishing a waltz by Metra. The curious were gradually quitting the stable and returning to their places. The sharp cuts of the ring-master's whip were cracking in the arena; the show

had begun. Icarus placed a last rose in the hair of the equestrienne and ran to chalk her shoes. He stumbled against his dwarfish comrade.

The clown seemed very busy in examining the gas meter, and pushed him away with an oath. Then, without more ado, the acrobat sent him reeling, and leaping on a ladder, crouched with a laugh: "Out of my way, you painful pigmy!"

Aesop uttered a roar of rage and anger, then suddenly calming himself, returned to the meter, and after having followed with an eye of barred the ascent of Icarus, began fumbling with the mechanism of the stop cocks.

A great clapping of hands. A frantic ovation. Two hundred pretty women dropped their fans and leveled their opera glasses, and, a trifle pale, smiled with a delicious dread. Icarus was up there—high up at the top of the circus—hanging to the last trapeze, and turning over and over in it, slowly and without an effort.

At times he paused, and his face was seen radiant in the foolish pride of triumph. Below, in the ring, the clowns were stretching a circular net, and in all the circus reigned a deep silence, broken only by a feminine whisper: "How graceful! What a handsome fellow!"

The gymnast then, finding his public sufficiently warmed up, raised himself at one pull, stiffening himself on his wrists.

The trapeze, violently thrown back, described a great arc, and, letting go the bar, the man shot forward like an arrow into space.

There was a feeling of apprehension in the crowd, and an "Oh!" of affright uttered by a thousand breasts. The acrobat reached the second trapeze, and calmly let himself swing in its decreasing oscillations.

Slowly he thus darted eleven times, calm and smiling as he made the tour of the circus, and rejoicing at feeling beneath him the immense panting of the throng.

At the eleventh trapeze he paused to prolong this emotion—his glory—and his eyes sought out Rita. The equestrienne saw him, and with the handle of her whip threw him a kiss.

The elated Icarus, hanging by one hand, saluted her; then he brought his trapeze to rest. He was about to complete his task.

"Enough," said some voices.
"No! Bravo! Encore!" cried the ladies, eager to feel once more the perverse joy of an enticing pain.

For the twelfth time the handsome gymnast, stiffening his muscular arms, essayed his terrible flight.

But an appalling cry of terror, a frantic shout arose.

In an instant, suddenly—like a candle put out by the flap of a bat's wing—the thousand glistening lights of the circus were extinguished all together at the precise and fatal moment when the man was darting into space.

At the same instant there rose from the ring a laugh, terrible, vibrating with hate.

Then in the black and hideous obscurity, in the pitchy darkness that filled the circus lately so blazing, poignant shrieks rolled from row to row. Women fainted and the spectators, with their hearts crushed in hopeless terror, shudderingly sat as if petrified in their places, and peered into the night that filled the dome. The net was empty, the acrobat must be looked for in the gloom. In the search lanterns were brought and carried toward the top of the circus. Five minutes—five centuries, elapsed. Some one cried: "Bengal lights!"

Then, while here and there people were trying to reight the burners, a blaze of violet and red, of green and azure, flashed out with a powerful illumination lit up at one flash every corner of the circus with its fantastic and trembling gleams.

And suddenly, as in the flames of a transformation scene, was seen, rigid, clamped to the trapeze, Prince Icarus, hanging motionless.

An unheard-of horror paralyzed him in a supernatural frenzy. His hair stood out. His distorted mouth grinned an idiot grin terrible to see, and in his face, whiter than that of a corpse, his haggard eyes, protruding from their sockets, rolled convulsively.

Soon his comrades were near him. With the handle of his knife Aesop struck the gymnast's hands, and with great difficulty detached from the bar the clenched hands of the miserable man.

The gas was relighted and the crowd, silently and without a breath, watched, as it slowly lowered down, the descent of the living corpse.

There is to-day near Marseilles in the asylum of Saint Pierre, a poor madman who stalks straight forward, his arms held in front and contracted in an imaginary grip. It is a frightful sight. It is "Prince Icarus."

I do not know what jail holds Aesop. As to the fairy Rita, she is now a princess somewhere in Germany.—Adapted from the French of Paul Bonnetain.

A Sentiment By the President.
"The patriot is he who, living in his country, is willing not only to fight, but to die for it. It was this sentiment which gave to the United States the grand volunteer army of 1861. It is this sentiment which gives to all governments their strength and security and permanency. It is this sentiment which nerves the soldier and gains his consent to service and sacrifice, eye, even to death."—William McKinley.

Toning Down a Drop Light.
Where the slender lamp or drop light requires a little more toning down than that afforded by the lens or screen in shade, a ruffle of rags gathered full and tied about the neck of the shade will be found both simple and effective.

THE COUNTRY CHURCH.

There were no cushioned pews therein,
No finely frescoed ceiling—
These teach no plainer sin is sin,
Nor deeper Christian feeling;
But through the church's positive shade
The summer air came stealing
From over the hills whose outlines made
Gaunt dromedaries kneeling.

I see the crows that gathered then
While fancy's postward winged—
Plain country folk, but women and men
With faith divine springing.
There beacons flays would lead in prayer,
The fire would lead in singing—
And "Happy Day" went straight from there
To Heaven's shores up-ringing!

And one, perhaps, who has forgot
Her old-time boyish lover—
Her face still haunts the hallowed spot,
As ere a dream was over.
While 'mong the colder city's ways
He wishes, dreaming of her,
He held the dead love of those days
Thought's fingers now uncover.
—Will T. Hale.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

Poor little girl! She was tired, so tired, as she took her way to her work that crisp winter morning.

The wind blew fresh from off the lake, the sun shone brilliantly in a cloudless sky, and the shops were gay with beautiful things to tempt the money from full purses, and the shoppers were already beginning to throng the streets.

Two years ago—two short years to the happy, but lagging on leaden feet to the burdened heart—Alice Clayton had been the petted idol of her father. Left motherless while yet a baby, there was no desire which wealth could not gratify left unsatisfied.

The petite, slender form, with deep violet eyes, and that "woman's crown of glory," a wealth of wonderful golden hair, at 19 she was one of the reigning belles in the city of her birth, and more than one man had laid his heart at her feet; but not one among them all had stirred her pulses till John Archer's dark eyes looked into hers, the look a man gives to but one woman on earth.

But John Archer hesitated to ask her to pledge herself to him till fortune should smile on him more sweetly; so there had been no word spoken of love between them, when young Archer was called to South America on a long business trip which promised great pecuniary returns.

A month after his departure the sad old story, so often told, was again repeated. One day there was a panic in the stock market, and Richard Clayton went at night to his magnificent home a ruined man.

The next morning a servant knocked at his room in vain, and when at last the frightened man opened the door, the form lying across the bed was lifeless. The physician pronounced it apoplexy, but pain and grief are swift destroyers.

Alice bent like a lily beneath the blow, but flower-like, rose again, and after a little, bravely took her way to the big city, where amid new scenes, she might forget the averted glances and cold words of her former friends. As speedily as she could fit herself for it, she obtained employment as a typewriter with a firm of attorneys and counsellors-at-law, and her new life had gone monotonously on from month to month.

The confinement was irksome to the girl, who had never in her previous life known a more laborious task than answering a half-dozen notes of a morning, and, though her employees gave her as much kindness and consideration as could be expected, of pre-occupied business men, her grief over the loss of her father and her home, added to the wretched sense of loneliness in the great city, was fast pulling her cheeks and drawing dark circles under the sad blue eyes.

And to-day was the second anniversary of that father's death. All the crowded sorrow of the interval between rose before the girl's mental vision, and she pulled the veil down over her face to conceal the traces of her tears.

At last she reached the tall building, the scene of her daily work, and entered the elevator with her usual pleasant morning greeting to the attendant. On the third floor they stopped to admit a tall, dark, distinguished looking man.

A little sound, half sob, half gasp, drew his attention to the slight, girlish figure of the other occupant.

The next door reached she rose to leave, but staggered, and must have fallen had not the stranger caught her swaying form in his arms.

"She is Miss Clayton," said the frightened elevator boy, "she works on this floor in No. 62."

Pushing up the stifling veil, John Archibald, for it was he, looked into the face of the girl of whom for months he had vainly endeavored to obtain some trace.

He bore her quickly into the law office, a few explanatory words to her surprised and sympathetic employers, and a doctor was telephoned for. Before the physician reached his patient the blue eyes opened, and the white lips murmured:
"Oh, John, I have been so lonely, so lonely!" and the strong man, bending low, whispered: "You shall never be alone again."

As the reunited lovers passed down to the carriage which was summoned to carry Alice to her humble room, which had been to her for so many months all she could call home, the partner of the law firm dryly remarked to his associate: "I suspect we have lost our typewriter, and that young man has gained a wife."—Boston Post.

A YANKEE PRIVATEER.

An Action in Which "Long Tom" Did Some Effective Shooting.

Late one September day in 1914 the Yankee privateer General Armstrong anchored in the harbor of Ponta, a port in the Azores. The new young captain on her deck, Samuel Chester Reid, had a fighting reputation to sustain for his vessel and one to make for himself. Although bred to the sea, he had always called a merchantman and was on his first cruise as a privateer.

As night closed in three British merchantmen, carrying 136 guns and 2,500 men, entered the harbor. One Briton, the Carnation, anchored within half a shot of the privateer and began to throw out boats and take on busy work. Clearing his decks for action, Reid accepted battle in spite of the enormous odds. His vessel carried seven guns and 90 men. One gun was the new famous "Long Tom" which is among the relics in Washington. It is a long, large cannon, mounted on a pivot. Seeing four launches loaded with men pull from the Carnation toward his ship, Reid opened on them with the long tom and with muskets. Instantly the whole fleet was astir. After returning the volley with spirit the boats backed away. Then the three British ships sailed up and hemmed the General Armstrong in in the narrow harbor.

A flotilla of launches made ready behind a ledge of rocks and at midnight paraded in one long line. They were rowed steadily toward the privateer. On coming within gunshot they received a stunning volley, which threw the line into confusion. Soon the Britons rallied and answered the Yankee fire. Cheering wildly, they dashed forward until their boats touched the side of the ship. The British officer shouted "Board!" and "No Quarter!"

Reid hurried his men to the bulwarks with their pikes, pistols and blunder-busses, and the boarders were beaten off by blows, stabs and shots delivered in their faces. The boarders fought back with their howitzers, cannonades and muskets. Reid's lieutenants fell, and many sailors were shot down. The Yankee fire began to slacken and Reid led his men forward with a shout, followed by a fresh volley of balls, into the thickest of the boarders.

That ended the struggle. All the boats hauled off but two, those manned with dead only. Next day the three ships attacked, but in order to spare the town which lay behind his ship from bombardment Reid scuttled and abandoned the General Armstrong. However, his battle delayed the British fleet in the Azores until New Orleans, its intended prize, was securely defended.

An Eccentric Heroine.

Dr. Mary Walker, who created such an excitement a few years ago by her peculiar dress, and who is widely known, possesses a medal of honor for services rendered during the war. The records show that the medal was presented to her June 18, 1872, but at the war department the clerks hold that the records in this case are wrong. They say Secretary Stanton himself gave it to her, and one of them says he saw the presentation. She served as a surgeon during the war, but had no commission.

Old Items From Everywhere.
Senator Allen, of Nebraska, declares that there are "25,000 loafers on the payrolls of the government departments in Washington as clerks."

An elephant fell from a car at New Albany, Ind., and broke its leg. Its sufferings were horrible, and it was tossed with whiskey and opium to keep it quiet while its leg was set.

The well in which hung "The Old Daken Bucket" is situated on the edge of Marshfield, only a short distance from Setaute Centre, or from North Setaute, in the Cape Cod part of Massachusetts.

The craze for sensation was never more aptly illustrated than at Carlisle, Pa., where nearly a thousand people viewed the twin sons of P. A. Dick lying in one coffin, and 405 carriages composed the funeral cortege.

A Missouri locomotive recently ran 100 miles solely to carry a box of medicine. A physician broke his leg and lockjaw followed, the medicine to cure him had to be brought from that distance, and time meant life.

A man died recently in a town not far from Philadelphia with the remarkable record of having been injured twenty-five times in railroad accidents. Some of his injuries were very serious, yet he lived to a good old age and died from natural causes.

Last week a woman of Dowling, Ohio, dreamed that some goods stolen from a store in the town in January had been hidden under a haystack on a neighboring farm. The next day she went with a constable to the stack, and found the most of the stolen goods.

A man who went to do some gasfiting in a Baptist church in Honesdale, Pa., fell into the baptismal pool, which had been filled for Sunday, and, not knowing how to swim, would have been drowned had not the sexton heard his cries and rescued him.

A poor priest, who died lately in the Province of Messina, in Sicily, left to his heirs—all poor country people—an old piano, which they offered to sell for 15 francs. No one would buy it, so they decided to burn it for firewood, when they discovered that the keyboard, hords and pedals were of value of 108,000 francs.

A REMINISCENCE.

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
So sing the fife in blue.
When this cruel war is over
I'll come back to you."
Hark through the distant sound of battle,
Faintly heard or won't
John Brown's body lies a-moldering
In the grave.
His soul goes marching on."
"Marching along, we are marching along—
Up to the cannon's roar.
"We're coming, Father Abraham,
Five hundred thousand more."
"Just before the battle, mother."
"Marching through Georgia," fast
"We'll rally 'round the flag, boys—
"Victory at last."

TWO AND A MAP.

He unfolded the map carefully and spread it out. "That's what I like about a map," he said. "You never need to ask your way. It makes you so much more independent. Doesn't it, darling?"

"Yes, dearest."
A gust of wind swept down and tore the map—in two places, as the auctioneer says.
"You should have pasted a bit of tape at the back of the folds," he said. "Then it wouldn't have torn."
"I would have done it with pleasure if you had asked me."

"I can't think of everything. However, the first thing to do in using a map is to find out where you are on it. Now, as you see, we are here." He pointed to a spot on the map with his pencil. "This is the road we are now on, and that is the crossroad just in front of us."

"Oh, no! That's all wrong."
"In what way all wrong?" he asked, coldly.

"Because the crossroad is a canal." "I fail to see how a crossroad can be a canal. Besides, you can see the road for yourself—ordinary hard highroad, and no canal about it."

"Don't be silly, dear. I didn't mean the crossroad on the—er—earth. I meant the crossroad on the map that isn't the crossroad."

"Very lucid, indeed," he observed, even more icily.

"When you try to be sarcastic you only make ugly faces and don't say anything good. Look here! You think that we are at this point on the map, don't you? Very well. And you think this line represents the crossroads in front of us, don't you? Very well, it doesn't. Because that line isn't meant for a road, but a canal."

"How do you know?"

"Because it's colored brown."

"It is. I hadn't noticed it."

"I knew you were in the wrong, but you are always so obstinate. Now, as a road isn't a canal—"

"Wait a minute"—rather angrily.

"The brown line means a railway."

"It's all the same thing. I can't walk on a canal and I can't walk on a railway. At any rate, I won't. I suppose you want me to be run over."

"My dear girl, do be reasonable. I can't ask you to walk on a railway when there isn't any railway."
"You said the brown line meant a railway—you know you did," very emphatically.

"So it does on the map."

"We are not walking on the map. We're walking on the—er—land."

"That is precisely what I was trying to explain to you. There is no railway in the—er—reality, and therefore we can't be at the spot where we thought we were."

"Where you thought we were. I knew you were wrong all the time. It's no good having a map if you don't know how to use it. Give it to me."

She took it and screwed her eyes up, examining closely.

"I've got it!" she cried in triumph.

"This is Pilling."

"But we left Pilling an hour ago."

"Of course. I'm going to trace our road from there. Now look. Here is the name Pilling. And the little black spot at one end means the village itself, the exact position of it."

"Thanks for the information."

"Wait. There's a black spot at each end of the name. It's all right. One of the black spots is a smut. Poof! Now I've blown away the spot which wasn't Pilling."

"Go on. Blow away the spot which is Pilling. Blow the whole concern, I say. I'm sick of it."

"If you wouldn't lose your temper and would have a little patience, I should be able to put you right." She traced with pin. "We left Pilling—so. Then we turned to the left—so. So we must be just here now."

And she dug her pin triumphantly through the map at the point, and it went right through and pricked her knee and hurt her.

"If that is so," he said, "I have only one thing to ask. It is not important, of course, but where's the crossroad?"

"In front of you, with a white fence on each side of it. It's plain enough."

"Why do you keep confusing between the road on the map and the road on the—er—well, the other road?"

"It's you who make the confusion," she said, "mixing up railicans with railways—I mean, of course, railroads with railways—oh, you know what I mean!"

"I'm blessed if I do. I only know there's a crossroad here, and there's no crossroad on the map. The map can't be wrong."

"Then the real road must be," she replied, bitterly. "Get a piece of India rubber and rub it out and make it fit the map."

There was a moment's pause, and then they both happened to look up at the same moment and both exclaimed joyously:

"So they asked the boy the way and went on rejoicing, and peace reigned."

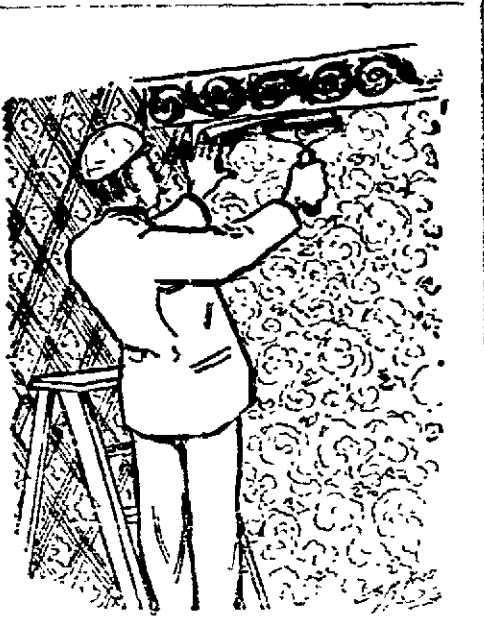
They left the map behind them by accident. Afterward they both said that was a pity.—Black and White.

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RHEUMATISM



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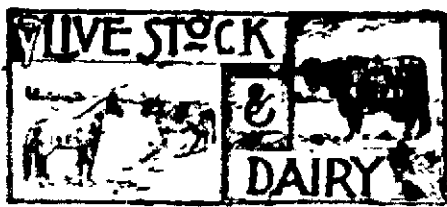
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LIVE STOCK

DON'T CUT THE FORETOP.

It Never Improves a Horse's Looks and is Rarely Beneficial.

Don't cut your horse's foretop off if you ever expect to sell him to a dealer. A shaved foretop knocks from 10 to 50 per cent. off of the market value of a roadster, a coach horse, a colt or a saddle horse. The practice of clipping horses' foretops, and generally from three to six inches of the mane with it, has become a very common one, it never improves a horse's looks and is rarely beneficial.

Fashion demands that a coach horse, a colt, a hack, a roadster or any sort of a saddle horse must wear a foretop, and it is a serious mistake to clip it off of any marketable trotting-bred horse.

M. Newgass is one of Chicago's most extensive exporters of horses, and ships many trotting-bred coach, park and saddle horses to London and Liverpool each week.

When questioned in regard to the practice of clipping the foretops from trotting-bred horses he said: "It's pernicious. I cannot buy a horse for export if his foretop has been cut off, unless I can get him at half his real value, because the foreign buyers always keep such a horse until the mane grows out again, and they must buy them very cheap to do that. You cannot say too much against that practice in your paper, or caution breeders too often, as the number of trotting-bred horses that come to this market minus their foretops is astonishing."

Decay of Immature Plum Fruit.

The signs of attack of the curculio and the course to be pursued for its riddance are well known; but continued inquiries, as to the cause of decay of immature plum fruit, show the necessity for repetition. The chief enemy of the plum is the insect curculio, and its ravages for a while caused a cessation of planting this fruit in many sections; but with a little attention, such as all fruits will require, serious trouble can be avoided and perfect fruit had. Perhaps the oldest plan for ridding the trees of the pest is to violently jar the trees, with a small, padded log, from time to time after the leaves have appeared, when the insects would first appear. A sheet arranged beneath the tree catches the insects that fall by the jarring, and they are thus collected and destroyed. At this period, the mature insect, in the form of a beetle, is at work feeding on the leaves. If let alone the real destruction is begun as the fruit is set, when eggs are deposited therein in great numbers—it is said at the rate of ten a day by each female.

A solution of the well-known Bordeaux mixture and diluted Paris green would be effective in this case, and would at the same time act upon any fungus that might be present. Many of our private gardens lack the plum, one of the most delicious family fruits, merely because of this little difficulty, which is really not as great as is usually considered.

The advent of the Japanese varieties, which have not thus far been found out by the curculio, has, to a degree, lent encouragement to the planter; but there are some of the old varieties that could not be well replaced, and it will be found profitable to give a little care to them rather than sacrifice their good qualities.

Treatment for Various Diseases.

SORE TEATS.—G. B. M. has a sow which has a hard lump at the root of one of the teats and a little matter comes from it. This is caused from inflammation, likely the result of an injury. Bathe the part with hot water several times a day and squeeze out as much milk and matter as you can. This will relieve the inflammation and it will soon get well. If it should leave a hard swelling mix 1 dr iodine with 1 oz lard and rub on a little twice a week.

SUCKING WOOD.—"Subscriber" has a cow which sucks wood. This habit she got when a calf. It is difficult to break animals of a habit. Try covering the wood which she sucks with a solution of aloes, or effusion of quassia chips. This will cause a bitter taste in the animal's mouth and is sometimes successful. If this does not cure her, put on a muzzle after she is fed, for a few months.

RHEUMATISM.—A. M. S. has pigs four months old which get stiff and some of them have lost the use of their hind parts. Give each pig a tablespoonful of castor oil; after this operates give 10 drops of the oil of gaultheria and 1 drop of the fluid extract of nux vomica at a dose three times a day in a teaspoonful of cod liver oil. Continue this for 10 days, then skip a week and give again if necessary.

TICKS ON SHEEP.—E. B. C. wants to know if there is any remedy that will exterminate ticks, some other way than by dipping. There is no successful method by which ticks can be destroyed except by dips of some sort. Insect powder if enough is put on will destroy them; it is not practicable, but may be tried.

WORMS IN HORSES.—T. C. wants a remedy for worms in horses. Give 2 oz turpentine in 1/2 pint of raw linseed oil before feeding morning, noon and night for 2 days, then give 1 quart of raw linseed oil as a physic. If there are any worms this will destroy them.

PRUNING GOOSEBERRIES.

If Done intelligently the Fruit May Be Enlarged and Improved.

The gooseberry produces its fruit upon wood that is two years old or more, therefore care must be taken in regard to pruning. But if this is done intelligently the fruit may be very much enlarged and improved. How often in country places we see gooseberries when we see them (at all) a rank growth of green, heavily laden on the under side of the branches with small fruit. If the wood were trimmed away judiciously there might not be as many bearing branches, but the berries would be so much larger and better that it would more than pay to take time to do the necessary pruning.

It is essential to leave enough of the old wood to bear as much fruit as the bush will allow, the trimming being done chiefly on the wood of but one year's growth; this wood has no fruit buds, just simply the leaf buds. The pruning should be done before the bushes blossom. This pruning has a double purpose; this is to throw the vitality of the bush into the fruit buds and later to produce lateral branches which will in time also produce fruit.

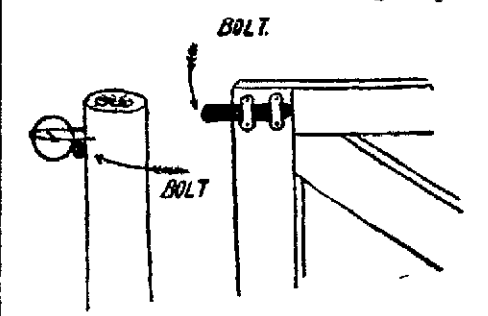
Sometimes gooseberry bushes are depleted in strength from overbearing or from old age. In such cases the bearing wood should be cut back severely, thus preventing fruiting for the present season and encouraging new growth which will fruit by the time the plant has recovered its vitality.

When plants are strong and yet do not produce fruit in a reasonable or satisfactory quantity cut the previous year's wood back at least one-half. This will throw the strength into the remaining branches, which must almost of necessity produce fruit buds and eventually fruit.

An Ingenious Gate Fastener.

A writer in the Country Gentleman describes a novel gate fastener as follows:

Some years ago, while traveling in central Ohio, I saw on a certain farm a gate-fastener of very simple construction. I think the owner designed it, but whether it has ever been described I do not know. On the gate was a common iron bolt, made fast and projecting two inches. Into the gate-post



GATE FASTENER.

was driven a long staple-like iron, with a cross-piece one inch from the round end. On the cross-piece loosely hung an iron ring. When the gate was shut, the bolt striking the ring threw it up and came against the post, where it was held by the ring as it dropped again. The ring could not be pushed out, as it bore against the end of the staple or bent rod; nor could the gate be thrown open by lifting, as the bolt was under the staple. An upward pressure on the ring released the bolt. This fastening is simple, cheap, effective and durable. Possibly it would be useful to T. H. H. (p. 186), who inquired about gate-openers.

Raspberries.

Raspberries should be tied or staked before the buds show signs of growth, as it makes it difficult, as well as dangerous to the buds, to handle much after they have got a good start. It makes little real difference what methods are adopted to support the canes, but be sure that all is sound and strong enough to last another year, for if they break, it is always during the period when the fruit is ripening, and loss is the greatest.

The Blue Marguerite.

Gardening has some words of praise for the blue marguerites, a flower not well known in this country though its close sister, the common white marguerite, has plenty of admirers. The blue sort has deep green foliage, and sky blue flowers with yellow disks, and is reported to be an excellent winter bloomer.

Pears and Apples.

President of the Ohio State Horticultural Society in his annual address observed that the society had not done its duty until the people were educated to know that there were better apples than the Ben Davis and better pears than the Keiffer. Yes, but the quality of even these old standbys depends largely upon where they are grown.

Standard Size of Greenhouse Glass.

Of late years the sizes of glass in greenhouses have been running larger. Some have tried very large sizes indeed but found the breakage too expensive. Nearly all the leading growers near Boston have settled down to a size 16 by 24 inches.

The Plow in the Garden.

The plow is the best instrument for putting the soil of the garden into condition to receive and hold rainfall. Subsoiled ground receives more moisture than that not so treated.

A Famous Orchard.

An orchard of seventy-five trees, which have been bearing for more than sixty years, on the farm of Henry Davidson, near Whitesville, Ind., has for the last five years yielded a better quality of fruit and more of it than it did a score of years ago.

Palestine grown oranges were exported last year from the Jerusalem consular district to the extent of 220,000 boxes, mostly to the United States.

STOPPING THE RUN.

Ingenious Way of Saving the Credit of Spanish Banks.

A man who recently left Lisbon tells an interesting story of the manner in which the Bank of Spain checked the run upon that institution several weeks ago. The circulating medium of Spain consists of the notes of that bank and the silver which is held to redeem them to 75 per cent., I believe, of their par value. As the public were losing confidence in the financial stability of the government, crowds of people took their paper notes to the bank for redemption. Under ordinary circumstances, they would exchange silver for a paper note without any delay, but when the run commenced the managers found it necessary to adopt some measures to restore confidence and to save the specie in their own vaults. It would not do, of course, for them to show the white feather or refuse to redeem their own notes, so they adopted an ingenious plan which ultimately tired out the people and stopped the demand for coin. Thousands of people surrounded the bank—many of them were in bad temper—and stood in lines several blocks long awaiting their turn at the cashier's counter. When one of them finally reached him and laid down the note he wished to exchange for silver coin, he was held for five or ten minutes and subjected to a cross-examination such as might have been given him by a census enumerator. In the meantime, a clerk wrote his answers down upon a blank form—his age, occupation, residence, birthplace, the names of his parents, etc. Then he was required to sign a formal application for the exchange of twenty pesetas, for example, in paper for their equivalent in silver. Then he was sent away and told to return in three days.

On the third day the man would return and, after standing in line again all day and all night, perhaps, would reach the cashier's counter. He would be required to bring somebody to identify him and to certify that he was the person described in the paper presented. This took a couple of days more, perhaps, and finally he was given a certificate or draft upon another cashier, who, he was told, would pay him the money. This made it necessary for him to stand in another line for a day or two, and when he finally reached the proper place he would be required to sign a receipt and make an oath of allegiance to the government and an endorsement of the financial soundness of the bank. Thus by this circumlocution arrangement a man had to waste seven or eight days to get a paper dollar changed into silver, and the transaction was so tedious and complicated that each consumed, fifteen or twenty minutes. As there was only one cashier not more than forty or fifty persons at the utmost could be served in a day, and the clamor finally subsided from exhaustion.

The Youngest Salesman.

Bangor, Me., claims the youngest traveling man in the country in the person of Harry Dugan, the 8-year-old son of P. T. Dugan of the firm of P. T. Dugan & Co., dealers in saddlery hardware.

Young Dugan is a full-fledged drummer in every sense of the word. He started out a few weeks ago and has already taken orders amounting to hundreds of dollars. On his first trip through Aroostook county he succeeded in getting many new customers.

His mind turns toward business in



HARRY DUGAN.

every way. He is full of business all the time, and when he is not trying to sell some horseman a set of boots for his trotter, he is "talking horse," and here he is at home. He knows every horseman in that section of the state, the names of their trotters, and he traces the pedigree of many of them, where others of years of experience have failed.

About the Phoenix.

According to M. Adhemar Leclerc, French resident in Kratia, Cambodia, the Phoenix, a wild people of that country, have the type of the North American Indians. They believe in a God, whom they call Brah, and in another life and in ghosts. They eat almost every kind of flesh, and make an intoxicating drink from rice. They smoke a wild tobacco in wooden pipes. Their sense of smell is so keen that they profess to know individual animals by it. They have neither music nor dance.

Royal Hair.

Royal hair sold cheap in London recently. Locks of King Edward IV, of George III, of the Princess Charlotte of Wales and of Napoleon I, with a bit of William IV's cerecloth and the testaments of authentically thrown in, brought \$14 at auction.

Another Willows.

Pillows and mattresses for ships built of being made of rubber or other waterproof material in a number of separate sections and inflated, the different sections having lines attached which can be used for life saving.

COMMODORE WATSON.

The Officer selected to invade the Spanish Coast—Lashed Farragut to the Rigging.

Commodore Watson, who was selected for the important work of invading the Spanish coast, is an able and efficient officer, as modest as he is able, and who has been performing a duty of the utmost importance and value to the country concerning which very little has been printed. Commodore John Crittenden Watson, who, with a fleet composed for the most part of small ships, has been maintaining the blockade of Havana and other North Cuban ports, is a man who by virtue of his commission is the senior both of Sampson and Schley, and yet reports to the former. Commodore Schley is, on the naval register, acting Rear Admiral Sampson's senior by two numbers, and by the same token Commodore Watson ranks ahead of Schley. It is probably not remembered by many that it was the same Commodore Watson, then a young lieutenant, who lashed Farragut to the rigging during the battle of Mobile Bay. This incident of the great struggle between the States long since became historic, and poets and artists have found in it the inspiration for some of their best and most spirited work. This is the story briefly told.

The powerful Confederate ironclad Tennessee attacked the Hartford fiercely. Farragut took up his position in the port mizzen rigging, the better to observe the progress of the fight and to direct and cheer on his men. Lieutenant Watson, seeing the great danger to which the intrepid admiral was exposing himself, procured a rope and lashed him in his place. In a letter which Lieutenant Watson wrote to his mother after the battle, he mentions in detail the reckless bravery of Farragut, and adds "At length I lashed him to the rigging with my own hands, having in vain begged him not to stand in such an exposed place."

The relations which existed between Admiral Farragut and his flag lieutenant were of the most affectionate description. In his official report of the Mobile battle, Farragut showed what he thought of young Watson. "Lieutenant Watson," he wrote, "has been brought to your attention in former times. He was on the poop attending to the signals and performed his duty, as might be expected, thoroughly. He is a son worthy of the noble stock he sprang from, and I commend him to your attention."

There is no better blood in the navy than flows in the veins of Commodore Watson. He was born in Frankfort, Ky., Aug. 24, 1842. His father, Edward Howe Watson, was a skillful and popular physician of the old school, and his mother, Sarah Lee Crittenden Watson, was a daughter of John Jordan Crittenden, the famous Kentucky statesman, rival of Henry Clay, governor at one time of Kentucky and attorney general in William Henry Harrison's cabinet.

Commodore Watson was married in 1873 to Miss Elizabeth Thornton, a distant connection, and daughter of Judge James Thornton of San Francisco. The result of this union was eight children, seven of whom are living. The eldest son, John Edward Watson, is an ensign in the navy, and is now attached to the cruiser Detroit. Commodore Watson's naval career has been a notable one. He entered the Naval Academy Sept. 29, 1856, and was graduated in June, 1860, standing high in his class. He was immediately assigned to the rank of midshipman, and Aug. 15 joined the Susquehanna in that capacity for a cruise to Europe. While he was abroad the civil war broke out, and he returned at once to take part in it. He was promoted to the rank of master Aug. 31, 1861. His career as a fighter did not really begin, however, until Jan. 10, 1862, when he was ordered to the Hartford as navigator. This was Admiral Farragut's flagship. He was commissioned a lieutenant July 16, 1862, and in January, 1864, he was made flag lieutenant to Farragut. He was at the battles of New Orleans, Mobile Bay, Vicksburg and Port Hudson. In a letter to his son Loyal during the war Admiral Farragut tells of Watson's volunteering to slip off and blow up a blockade runner. Among other things he says: "It was an anxious night for me, as I am about as fond of Watson as I am of your own dear self."

The ship referred to by Farragut was burned—blown up as effectually and completely as was the Merrimack—other day by heroic Hobson and his equally heroic crew.

At the close of the civil war Lieutenant Watson was ordered to the Colorado, on the European station. He was made lieutenant commander July 26, 1866; commander Jan. 23, 1874; captain March 8, 1887, and commodore Nov. 7, 1897. During the last thirty years he has commanded a number of the best ships in the navy and held important posts on shore. His wife and unmarried children reside at the Naval Home in Philadelphia, of which institution he was governor for a number of years.

The Spanish Throne Room.

The throne room of Spain is a magnificent apartment of crimson and gold, with colossal mirrors and a chandelier of rock crystal that is considered the finest example of the kind in the world. Under the gorgeous canopy are two large chairs handsomely carved and gilded, and upholstered in crimson brocade. These are the thrones of Spain, where the boy King and Queen Regent sit on occasions of ceremony. Sometimes the daughters stand beside their mother, when it is proper for all the royal family to receive the court.

A PATHETIC FATE.

The poor fellow's pallid face and lattered habiliments plainly betokened ill health and poverty. He seemed, too, a man who had seen better days, and avoided as much as possible close contact with the other steerage passengers on the large transatlantic steamer plowing its way to New York. He had brought on board with him a large goat, and, by way of explanation, had stated that, owing to the poor state of his health, the doctors had prescribed fresh goat milk every day for him, otherwise his life would be jeopardized, and might terminate at any moment.

During the voyage the goat was his inseparable companion, and the man's affection for his dumb friend seemed to know no bounds. The goat fully appreciated the invalid's devotion, and they never separated for an instant.

When the long-whiskered quadruped fell seakick the man held the steerage's head over the side of the ship, and tended it with a solicitude that touched the hearts of his fellow passengers.

The invalid seldom slept, but when he did so, through sheer exhaustion, it was noticed by those about him that his arms were lovingly entwined about the goat's neck, while its hot breath and beard played about his cheek caringly.

The day on which the steamer reached port the sick man might have been seen leaving the Barge Office with his four legged, faithful friend by his side, wearily wending their way uptown. Branching off at the Bowery, they there entered a large jeweller's store. The man strode rapidly into the back room with the goat, where he was affectionately greeted by a young man, to whom he bore a striking resemblance.

"Don't waste any time, Bill," said the traveller, briskly, and impatiently, "but get out the axe and let's start working on this 'blamed' goat right away, quick."

A little later on a large show card was seen suspended in the store window, which read:

"Great bargain sale. We beg to announce that our Mr. Dotheuschousky has just arrived from Europe with a large stock of fine imported diamonds, to be sold at ruinous prices."

Not Repeated.

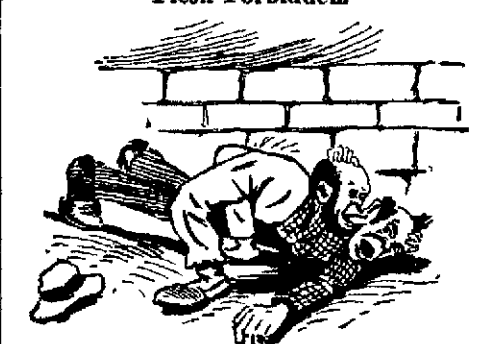
Andy Smith is a bright boy, and is in no way inclined to hide his light under a bushel. Last summer he ran away with a circus, and when he returned was more than ever disposed to teach the neighborhood, especially the boys with whom he associated.

One day another circus came to the town, and Andy was promptly on hand, assuming all the airs of a proprietor as he showed his friends around. An elephant was among the attractions, and Andy actually made him kneel, and raise his trunk, and go through other simple performances. But at last the elephant seemed to grow tired of this, for he, suddenly threw his trunk around Andy's waist and tossed him high up in the air. Andy came down with a tremendous thud, on all fours.

"Good! Good!" cried the boys, thinking it a part of the performance. "Do it again, Andy. That was splendid!"

Andy rose deliberately and wiped the dirt from his face. "No, no, boys," he said; "that act is never repeated. It would spoil the elephant."

Flesh Forbidden.



Clancy—For heaven's sake, Doolin, be after takin' yure teeth from me earl Don't yez know it's Friday?

One Thing Needed.

"My friends," said the eloquent minister, "were the average man to turn and look at himself squarely in the eyes and ask himself what he really needed most, what would be the first reply suggested to his mind?"

"A rubber neck," shouted the precocious urchin in the rear of the room, and in the confusion which followed the good man lost his place in his manuscript and began over again.

Kitchen Chat.

"Ever notice," asked the store, "what a modest creature the clock is?"

"Referring, I presume," said the woodbox, "to her holding her hands before her face?"

"Why, no; not so much that as to her habit of running herself down."

Patience.

Men came to him and called him names;

Declared he shunned the right, And ran all kinds of bunco games; And yet he wouldn't fight.

Contemptuously they spoke by day And wrote of him by night; They did not limit what they'd say; And yet he wouldn't fight.

They jostled him when he would pose, With rollicking delight; And some would vow they'd pull his nose; And yet he wouldn't fight.

He was a pugilist by trade, Though insult made him throb, He wouldn't fight unless he made Big money by the job.

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